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AND SO IT BEGINS.
E TRAIN
OBLITERATING CREATRIX COME. ENVELOP THE INFIDELS IN YOUR SMOTHERING ARMS.
MOTHER OF DEATH, LET ALL UNBELIEVERS ONCE AGAIN GAZE UPON YOUR TERRIBLE FACE.
LOOK TO YOUR SERVANT, CHOW, TO ASSIST YOU, OH BLACK RADIANCE.
LET HUMBLE CHOW BE THE INSTRUMENT OF YOUR GRACE AND WILL, OH SWEET DESTROYER.

LET CHOW SEAL THEIR GODLESS LIPS, OPENING ALL EYES TO THE CELESTIAL WONDER OF YOUR SAVAGE BEAUTY.
YOUR CHOSEN ONE HAS BEEN APPOINTED, OH MISTRESS OF ANNIHILATION.
CHOW, WHO IS NOT WORTHY, NOW READIES THE PORTAL FROM YOUR SACRED REALM, OH KILLER OF JOY!
YOUR SACRIFICIAL VESSEL AWAITS, OH MOTHER OF PAIN!
JOIN US NOW, OH CANNIBAL OF SOULS!
COME FORTH AND BE RECOGNIZED, OH MERCILESS MOTHER OF DEATH!

DISPLAY YOUR TRUE SELF, OH QUEEN OF VANQUISHED!
RISE ASCENDANT, OH MISTRESS OF DIVINE SLAUGHTER!
DEEP IN THEIR HEARTS THEY HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN YOU, ABBESS OF CARNAGE!
LET THOSE WHO HAVE FORGOTTEN NOW RECALL YOUR DIVINE ENTITLEMENT, ALL DEVOURING MOTHER!

CHOW'S ONE GOOD EYE MUST REMAIN AVERTED FROM YOUR EXQUISITE VISAGE, OH EMPRESS OF PARADOX.

KALI!
KALI!
KALI!
KALI!
KALI!
KALI!

SADLY, CHOW MUST FOREVER BE DENIED THE CONSECRATED BLISS OF YOUR EMBRACE, OH PURIFYING JEWEL.

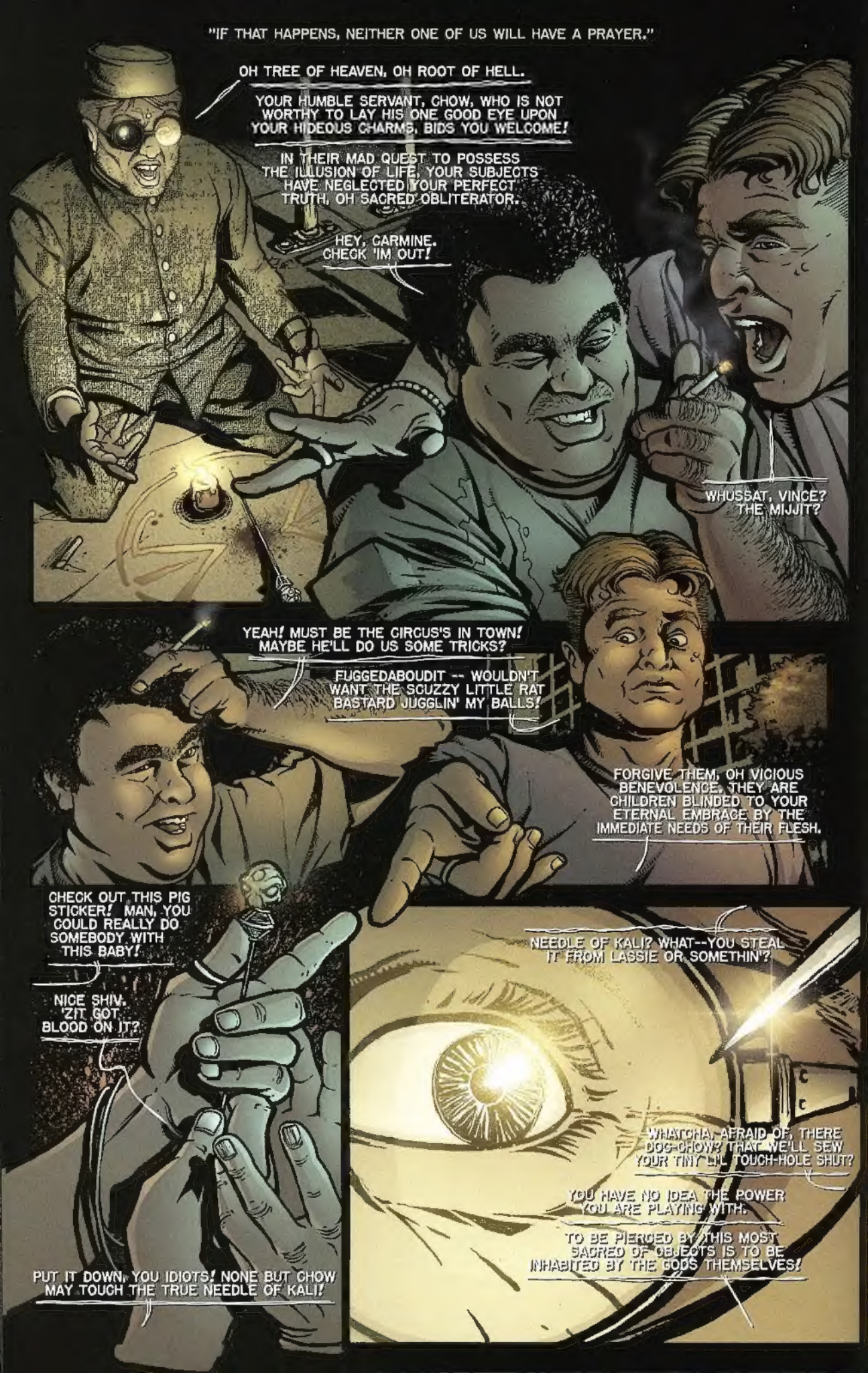
KALI!
KALI!
KALI!
KALI!

THE SEASON OF THEIR SHADOWY MEMORY HAS PASSED, OH ADULATION UNPARALLELED!

YOUR SERVANT CHOW HAS LED YOU BACK TO YOUR KILLING FIELDS, OH PREDATOR ABSOLUTE.
KIT TO 47TH ST.
WATCH YOUR STEP
0828
NOW, HE WILL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR RIGHTFUL BOUNTY, OH EXECUTIONER OF HOPE.
LET THE HARVEST BEGIN.

I COULDN'T CROAK 'EM IN COLD BLOOD, MORT.
SHHH! LOWER YOUR VOICE, FOR GOD'S SAKES, AND PLEASE, WARNER -- I NEVER TOLD YOU TO KILL ANYONE!
MORT-- YOU HANDED ME THIS GUN AND TOLD ME TO CLEAN UP ANY LOOSE ENDS. WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO THINK?
WELL -- THE WAY THINGS TURNED OUT IT MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN A BAD IDEA, EH?
PROJECT SIM WAS ALREADY IN DEEP SNEAKERS WHEN WE LEFT NO MAN'S ARCHIPELAGO. THESE TWO NE'ER-DO-WELLS ARE ONLY GOING TO MAKE THE TOE-JAM SMELL WORSE!
YOUR LITTLE PICKPOCKET PEGGED A HARPOON INTO A DISTORTION FIELD BUOY AND KNOCKED THE POWER OUT ALL ACROSS THE ARCHIPELAGO.
YOU WANT TO TRY EXPLAINING THAT TO THE BIG BOYS?
I'LL LEAVE THE SOFT SOAP TO YOU, MORT. YOU'RE THE SPECIALIST.
DON'T GET YOUR SHORTS IN AN UPROAR. IN THIS LINE OF WORK IT TAKES TALENT TO SURVIVE LONG ENOUGH TO COLLECT YOUR PENSION.
BUT WITH ALL THESE WITNESSES, KEEPING A LID ON THIS MESS IS GOING TO BE HAIRY.
SIR--WE FOUND SOMETHING!
IT'S SOME SORT OF FREAKISH MONKEY!
YES! SEE WHAT YOUR EVIL HANDIWORK HAS DONE TO MY GREGOR! ROT IN HELL, SECRET POLICE BASTARDS!
FATIMA--THEY HAVE GUNS. IT'S NOT WORTH OUR LIVES!
UH OH. LOOKS LIKE THE MESS JUST GOT MESSIER.

MORT? WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO POSTPONE YOUR TRIP TO THE MAINLAND. LOOKS LIKE THESE GYPSIES MIGHT HAVE HAD A HAND IN THE BLACKOUT.
WE'LL HAVE TO TOW THEM AND THE DISTORTION FIELD BUOY BACK TO THE ARCHIPELAGO TO SORT OUT WHO'S RESPONSIBLE.
YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN, EDDY. WE'RE INTERESTED IN THAT LITTLE MONKEY THING THOUGH. MIGHT TIE IN TO OUR PROJECT SIM...
YOU, MISTER FINE AND DANDY! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT! I'LL RIP YOUR THROAT OUT!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE... OOWW!
STOP THAT WOMAN!
DO THAT AGAIN AND I'LL KEELHAUL YA'!
CAPTAIN! PICKING UP SOMETHING CRAZY ABOUT SOME SORT OF MONSTER RUNNING AMOK ON THE E-TRAIN IN BROOKLYN!
EDDY... IT'S FAVOR TIME! THAT'S MY SIM HE'S TALKING ABOUT! ME AND MY PARTNER NEED TO GET THESE GYPSIES INTO THE CITY AND FIND THAT SUCKER RIGHT AWAY.
I CAN'T TELL YA ANY MORE, BUT IT COULD BE OUR JOBS IF WE DON'T.
MORT, YOU KNOW IT'S NOT WORTH MY COMMISSION TO LEAVE A DISTORTION FIELD BUOY ADRIFT.
STILL, I COULD PROBABLY PICK IT UP ON THE RETURN TRIP...
AS LONG AS NOBODY WHISPERS ABOUT THIS INTO ONE OF THE BIG BOYS EARS...


"IF THAT HAPPENS, NEITHER ONE OF US WILL HAVE A PRAYER."
OH TREE OF HEAVEN, OH ROOT OF HELL.
YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT, CHOW, WHO IS NOT WORTHY TO LAY HIS ONE GOOD EYE UPON YOUR HIDEOUS CHARMS, BIDS YOU WELCOME!
IN THEIR MAD QUEST TO POSSESS THE ILLUSION OF LIFE, YOUR SUBJECTS HAVE NEGLECTED YOUR PERFECT TRUTH, OH SACRED OBLITERATOR.
HEY, CARMINE. CHECK 'IM OUT!
WHUSSAT, VINCE? THE MIJJIT?
YEAH! MUST BE THE CIRCUS'S IN TOWN! MAYBE HE'LL DO US SOME TRICKS?
FUGGEDABOUDIT -- WOULDN'T WANT THE SCUZZY LITTLE RAT BASTARD JUGGLIN' MY BALLS!
FORGIVE THEM, OH VICIOUS BENEVOLENCE. THEY ARE CHILDREN BLINDED TO YOUR ETERNAL EMBRACE BY THE IMMEDIATE NEEDS OF THEIR FLESH.
CHECK OUT THIS PIG STICKER! MAN, YOU COULD REALLY DO SOMEBODY WITH THIS BABY!
NICE SHIV. 'ZIT GOT BLOOD ON IT?
PUT IT DOWN, YOU IDIOTS! NONE BUT CHOW MAY TOUCH THE TRUE NEEDLE OF KALI!
NEEDLE OF KALI? WHAT--YOU STEAL IT FROM LASSIE OR SOMETHIN'?
WHATCHA AFRAID OF, THERE DOG-CHOW? THAT WE'LL SEW YOUR TINY LIL TOUCH-HOLE SHUT?
YOU HAVE NO IDEA THE POWER YOU ARE PLAYING WITH.
TO BE PIERCED BY THIS MOST SACRED OF OBJECTS IS TO BE INHABITED BY THE GODS THEMSELVES!

OH, THE GWEAT BIG GODS! THEY'RE GOING TO BE FUWIOUS AT POOR WIDDLE US!
YEAH, THEY'RE GONNA CHAIN US TO SOME ROCK AND EAT OUR LIVERS TILL THE END OF TIME. HAAHHAAHHAA!
NO MORTAL MAY LOOK KALI, YOU BURFOONS! SHE IS DEATH ITSELF!
LIKE ALL WHO LIVE, YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN KALI. BUT TO GAZE UPON HER, IS TO REMEMBER -- AND TO KNOW HER!
YEAH, WELL, IF WE SEE THE BITCH WE'LL GI 'ER A POKE FOR YOU. CIAO, CHOW!
YEAH — IF WE SEE... WHAT'S THE HO'S NAME...?
KALI.
YEAH, YEAH. THAT'S IT! HOW COULD I SPACE ON A SIMPLE NAME LIKE...
THEY HAVE TAKEN THE NEEDLE, OH FLOWER OF EXTERMINATION!
HOW WILL YOUR SERVANT, CHOW, EVER LOCATE IT IN YOUR GROWING HAYSTACK OF DEATH?!
KALI.
KALI.

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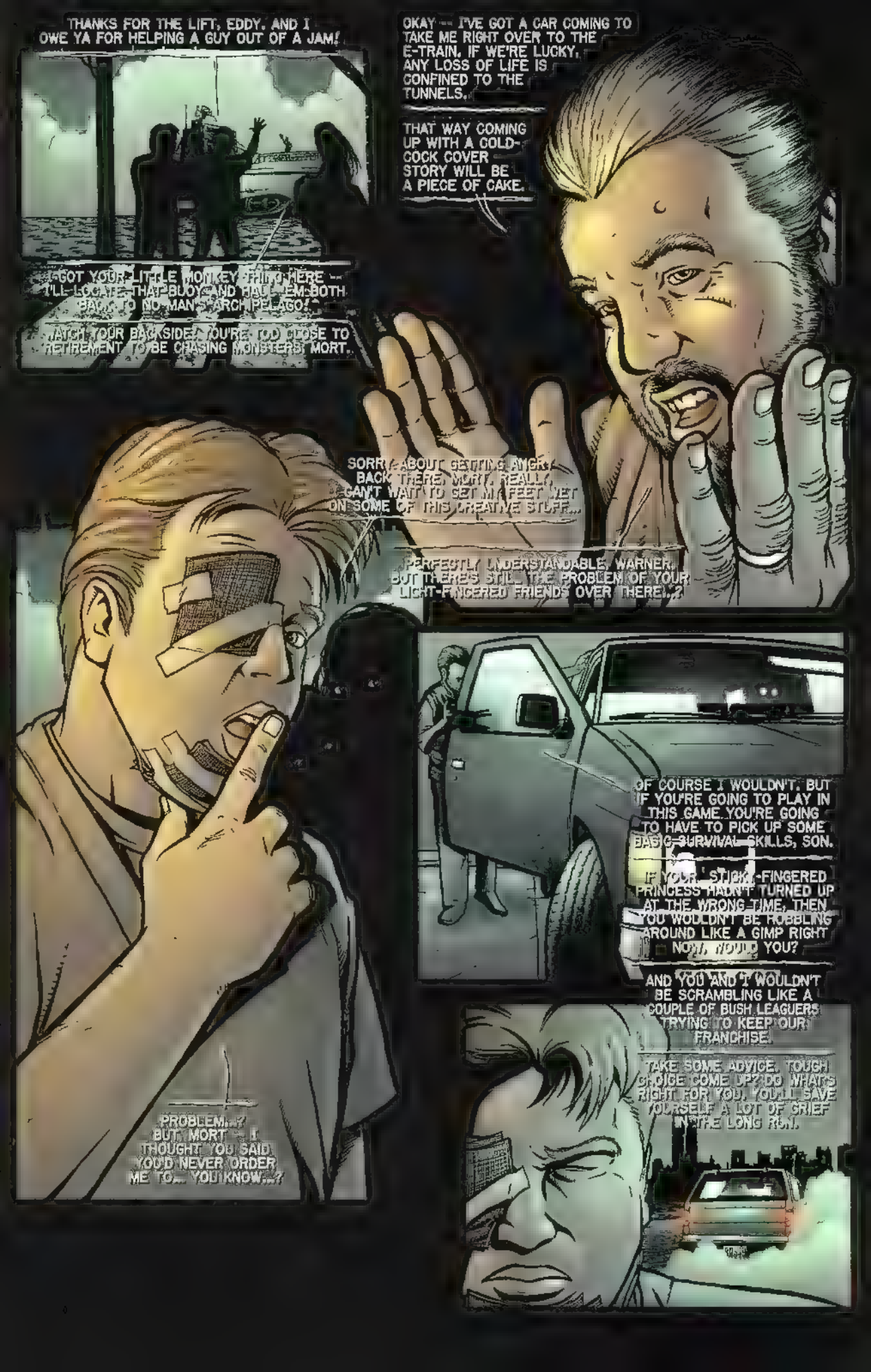
LOST HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND.
SOLDIERS STEAL HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND AWAY ON METAL BOAT RIDE.
NEED BOAT RIDE NOW TOO. ENGINE NOT ROARING.
ENGINE ROAR BROKEN. FIX 'EM UP.
OPEN PROGRAM>AMPLIFIED EAVESDROP> RUN>MOST RECENT RECORD.
STOP THAT WOMAN!
TRY THAT AGAIN AND I'LL KEELHAUL YA!
OPEN PROGRAM>MECHANICAL SYSTEMS> REFERENCE>INTERNAL COMBUSTION> RUN>ANALYSIS AND REPAIR


THANKS FOR THE LIFT, EDDY. AND I OWE YA FOR HELPING A GUY OUT OF A JAM!
OKAY -- I'VE GOT A CAR COMING TO TAKE ME RIGHT OVER TO THE E-TRAIN. IF WE'RE LUCKY, ANY LOSS OF LIFE IS CONFINED TO THE TUNNELS.
THAT WAY COMING UP WITH A COLD-COCK COVER STORY WILL BE A PIECE OF CAKE.
I-GOT YOUR LITTLE MONKEY THING HERE -- I'LL LOCATE THAT BUOY AND HAUL 'EM BOTH BACK TO NO MAN'S ARCHIPELAGO!
WATCH YOUR BACKSIDE, YOU'RE TOO CLOSE TO RETIREMENT TO BE CHASING MONSTERS, MORT.
SORRY ABOUT GETTING ANGRY BACK THERE, MORT. REALLY. CAN'T WAIT TO GET MY FEET WET ON SOME OF THIS CREATIVE STUFF...
PERFECTLY UNDERSTANDABLE, WARNER. BUT THERE'S STILL THE PROBLEM OF YOUR LIGHT-FINGERED FRIENDS OVER THERE...?
OF COURSE I WOULDN'T. BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY IN THIS GAME, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PICK UP SOME BASIC SURVIVAL SKILLS, SON.
IF YOUR STICKY-FINGERED PRINCESS HADN'T TURNED UP AT THE WRONG TIME, THEN YOU WOULDN'T BE FUMBLING AROUND LIKE A GIMP RIGHT NOW, WOULD YOU?
AND YOU AND I WOULDN'T BE SCRAMBLING LIKE A COUPLE OF BUSH LEAGUERS TRYING TO KEEP OUR FRANCHISE.
TAKE SOME ADVICE, TOUGH CHOICE COME UP? DO WHAT'S RIGHT FOR YOU. YOU'LL SAVE YOURSELF A LOT OF GRIEF IN THE LONG RUN.
PROBLEM...? BUT, MORT -- I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU'D NEVER ORDER ME TO... YOU KNOW...?

SO, WHAT NEXT, MR. FANCY PANTS, SECRET POLICEMAN? TIME TO GET RID OF THE EVIDENCE?
SHUT UP! I GAVE YOU BOTH A CHANCE AND I ALMOST GOT MY ASS BLOWN SKY HIGH FOR IT!
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU LEARNED ABOUT NO MAN'S ARCHIPELAGO — UNLESS, MAYBE, YOU'RE SPIES? WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES, ANYWAY?
I AM FATIMA. THIS IS MY OLD UNCLE, SASA. PLEASE — DON'T KILL US! WE'RE NOT SPIES — JUST POOR, SIMPLE PEASANTS! WE MEAN NO HARM!
NO ENGLISH! NO ENGLISH!
DROP IT. I'LL SAY I'VE GOT MY OWN PROBLEMS. SEE? I JUST STARTED THIS JOB AND I DON'T INTEND TO LET A COUPLE OF THIEVES MESS PALMED MY ROLEX RON IT FOR ME!
SORRY.
WHERE...?
LOSE SOMETHING, MISTER FANCY PANTS?

GOTTA FIND HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND.
LOOKY LOOKY BIG PLACE BROOKLYN.
OPEN PROGRAM: GLOBAL ATLAS> REFERENCE>USA>NEW YORK> BROOKLYN
E-TRAIN CHOO CHOO TRACKS HERE?
REFERENCE SEARCH> "E-TRAIN"> TRANSPORTATION SYSTEMS> SUBWAY LINES>STATIONS> TUNNELS
E-TRAIN CHOO CHOO TRACKS. DEEP BURIED UNDER HIVE CITY.
OUT IN OPEN HELICOPTERS SHOOT.
SEWEY PIPES ALL UNDER HIVE CITY.
DRAINS CONNECT TO CHOO CHOO TRACKS.
TAKE THIS ONE TO E-TRAIN.

HERE ON THIS TRAIN PLATFORM YOUR SERVANT CHOW HAS FAILED YOU, OH FINAL BLISS.
THE TWO WHO STOLE THE NEEDLE OF KALI ARE NOWHERE AMONG THOSE WHO HAVE BEHELD YOUR FEROCIOUS DELIGHT.
YOU HONOR THESE THIEVES BY ADDING THEIR REMAINS TO YOUR GARLAND, OH CRUEL NURTURER. IT IS CHOW'S DUTY TO FOLLOW AND RETRIEVE THE PRECIOUS NEEDLE.
BUT TO LAY EYES UPON YOU, OH BESTIAL FLOWER, IS TO REMEMBER DEATH ITSELF!
BENKS CANDY
ONE GLANCE AT KALI, AND EVEN CHOW, WHO IS NOT WORTHY OF SUCH REWARD, MUST BOW TO THE FINAL TRUTH THAT SPEAKS TO ALL WHO LIVE.
BUT HOW MAY CHOW FULFILL HIS PLEDGE TO SERVE IF HE CANNOT LAY HIS ONE GOOD EYE UPON YOUR PRIMEVAL RADIANCE OH...?
...CUNNING MIRROR OF TRUTH?
YOU HAVE RAISED UP YOUR DEVOTED CHOW WITH THIS BENEDICTION OF KNOWING, OH IMMACULATE CARNIVORE.
NOW CHOW UNDERSTANDS, OH LOVE PROFANE! YOU HAVE CHOSEN HIM TO FOREVER FOLLOW IN YOUR FOOTSTEPS.

FOR YOU, OH PUTRID SWEETNESS, IS THE FINAL FATE THAT AWAITS ALL WHO DWELL IN THE ILLUSION OF FLESH.
IT IS YOU WHO GREETS THEM AND SHATTERS THE MEAT DREAM IN THEIR LAST MOMENT OF AWARENESS, OH GLISTENING OFFAL.
YOU ARE THE FINAL CONFRONTATION, THE ULTIMATE CHALLENGE.
WHEN ALL THE DEATHS...
EXPERIENCED BY ALL WHO EVER LIVED...

INCLUDING THEIR OWN...
MANIFEST IN A TRUE CRYSTALLINE AWAKENING.
TO THIS RULE THERE ARE NO EXCEPTIONS.

SO IT HAS BEEN WRITTEN. THAT NONE MAY RESIST YOUR GRAVITATIONAL PULL, OH CARRION MAKER.
LET ALL GOD'S CREATURES TRUMPET YOUR GLORY, OH VENOMOUS CARESS.
REEEAAGORR
AT YOUR CELESTIAL FEET
EEEARGGHEEE

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HAVE YOU WITCHED THIS GLABS YET AGAIN, OH ARDENT BEHEMOTH?
IN IT'S BEADON, CHOWS ONE GOOD EYE BEE. ONLY UTTER IMPOSSIBILITY, OH MONSTROUS AFFECTION.
OR IS THIS YET BUT THE GAME OF A TRICKSTER, OH BUTCHER OF CHARITY?
RUGHH
UUULK?
OF COURSE! LIKE A GREAT CAT, YOU MERELY TOY WITH YOUR PREY, OH PRIMAL SCREAM!
MAK!
ULPCH!
THIS IS HOW YOU REWARD THOSE WHO MIGHT CHALLENGE YOUR WILL, OH PELLUCID ROT!
NEEAAUUGHH

THERE ARE NO TIDES TO TURN WHEN THE STORM OF KALI RISES, OH IMPERIOUS EXECUTIONER.
RRRREEAH!
NO WARNING POSTED WHEN THE TYPHOON OF YOUR VENGEANCE CRASHES UPON THE SHORES OF THE LIVING, OH FATAL DESIRE!
REEOOAAARGHHH!
FOR KALI IS THE JAGGED CRACKED MIRROR OF LIFE ITSELF.
WHICH LIES BURIED IN EVERY HEART THAT BEATS.
RRREEEAGH!
NOT EVEN A GOD MAY GAZE UNTO THE FACE OF KALI...
WITHOUT KNOWING THE LENGTH AND BREADTH AND WIDTH OF ALL THAT AWAITS.

IN THE DIMENSION OF DEATH.
STREET
ACCESS

AND SO IT ENDS.
Y-YU-YOU... YOU HAVE LOOKED INTO THE FACE OF KALI... AND LIVED! Y-YOU... HAVE CONQUERED DEATH ITSELF!
YOU MUST BE MORE THAN A GOD!
AND NOW THAT KALI IS DEFEATED... YOU MUST HAVE CHOSEN CHOW, WHO IS NOT WORTHY...
...TO BE YOUR SERVANT.
LET CHOW, BOWING BEFORE YOU, MAKE HIS OFFERING...
YOU HAVE VANQUISHED THE GODDESS OF DEATH HERSELF.
THE NEEDLE OF KALI IS YOURS!
ERk...
YES. YES! YOU UNDERSTAND! YOU ACCEPT THE TROPHY!
ER.

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YOU WILL WEAR THE PLUNDER OF KALI AS A LAUREL!
SOON ALL SHALL SEE...DEATH HAS A BRAND NEW FACE!
BRAOWRRGH!